

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

4-2-2015

Junior Recital: Jacob Cordie, tenor

Jacob Cordie

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

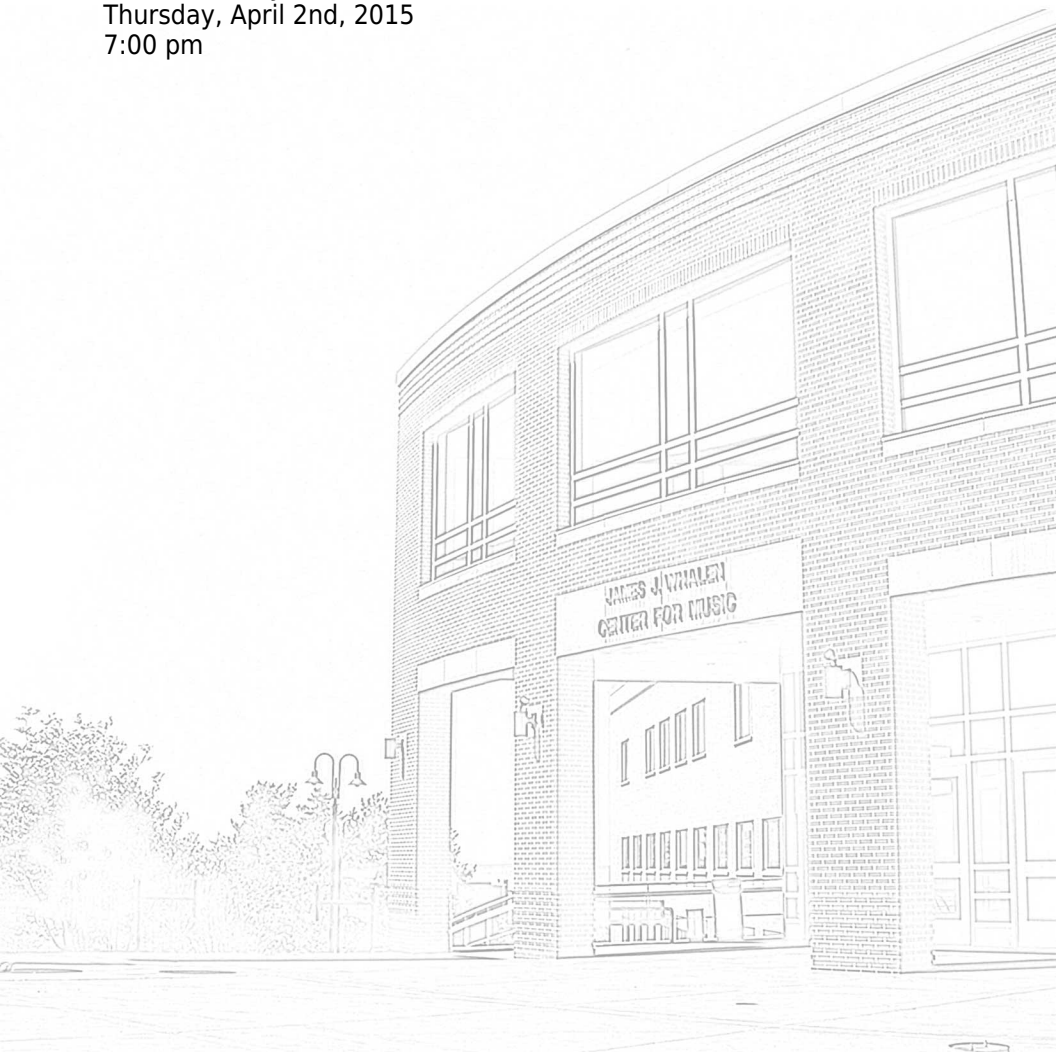
Cordie, Jacob, "Junior Recital: Jacob Cordie, tenor" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 959.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/959

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Junior Recital:
Jacob Cordie, Tenor

Accompanist
Ni Zhang

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Thursday, April 2nd, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

In Native Worth from *The Creation*

F. J. Haydn
1732-1809

Sonntag

Minnelied

Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden from *Die Schöne Magelone*

Johannes Brahms
1833-1897

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

i. *Chanson de la mariée*

ii. *Là-bas, vers l'église*

iii. *Quel galant m'est comparable*

iv. *Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques*

v. *Tout gai!*

Maurice Ravel
1875-1937

Intermission

De miei bollenti spiriti from *La Traviata*

Giuseppe Verdi
1813-1901

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Ma rendi pur contento

Vincenzo Bellini
1801-1835

Sure on this shining night

The Daisies

There's nae lark

The Secrets of the Old

Beggar's Song

Samuel Barber
1910-1981

Translations

Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze
Woche
mein feines Liebchen nicht
geseh'n,
ich sah es an einem Sonntag
wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
das tausendschöne
Jungfräulein,
das tausendschöne
Herzelein,
wollte Gott, wollte Gott,
ich wär heute bei ihr!

This whole week, I have not
seen my delicate sweetheart.
I saw her on Sunday
standing in front of the door:
that thousand-times
beautiful girl,
that thousand-times
beautiful heart,
would God, would God,
I were with her today!

So will mir doch die ganze
Woche
das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,
ich sah es an einem Sonntag
wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
das tausendschöne
Jungfräulein,
das tausendschöne
Herzelein,
wollte Gott, wollte Gott,
ich wär heute bei ihr!

This whole week,
my laughing has not ceased;
I saw her on Sunday,
going to church:
that thousand-times
beautiful girl,
that thousand-times
beautiful heart,
would God, would God,
I were with her today!

Minnelied

Holder klingt der Vogelsang,
wenn die Engelreine,
die mein Jünglingsherz
bezwang
wandelt durch die Haine.

Delightfully sound the
birdsongs,
when the pure angel,
who conquered my young
heart
wanders through the wood.

Röter blühen Tal und Au,
grüner wird der Wasen,
wo die Finger meiner Frau
Maienblumen lasen.

Redder bloom the valleys
and meadows,
green becomes the grass,
where the fingers of my lady
are picking little mayflowers.

Ohne sie ist alles tot,
welk sind Blüt' und Kräuter;
und kein Frühlingsabendrot
dünkt mir schön und heiter.

Without her, everything is
dead.
Blossoms and herbs are
wilted;
and no spring sunset
would seem to me as fair and
fine.

Traute, minnigliche Frau,
wollest nimmer fliehen;
dass mein Herz, gleich dieser
Au,
mö'g' in Wonne blühen!

Darling, lovely woman,
never wish to flee;
that my heart, as well as this
meadow,
might bloom in joy!

Sind es schmerzen, sind es Freuden

Sind es Schmerzen, sind es
Freuden,
die durch meinen Busen
ziehn?
Alle alten Wünsche scheiden,
tausend neue Blumen blühn.

Are these sorrows or are
these joys
which tug at my breast?
All the old desires leave;
a thousand new flowers
bloom.

Durch die Dämmerund der
Tränen
seh' ich ferne Sonnen stehn,
welches Schmacten! welches
Sehnen!
wag' ich's? soll ich näher
gehn?

Through the dusk of tears
I see suns standing in the
distance,
what languishing, what
longing!
Do I dare? Shall I move
closer?

Ach, und fällt die Träne
nieder,
ist es dunkel um mich her;
dennoch kömmt kein Wunsch
mir wieder,
zukunft ist von Hoffnung leer.

Ah, and when my tears are
falling,
it is dark around me;
yet if my desires do not
return,
the future is empty of hope.

So schlage denn, strebendes
Herz,
so fließet denn, Tränen,

So beat then, my ambitious
heart,
so flow down then, my tears,

herab,
ach, lust ist nur tieferer
Schmerz,
leben is dunkles Grab,

Ohne Verschulden
soll ich erdulden?
Wie ist's, daß mir im Traum
alle gedanken
auf und nider schwanken!
Ich kenne mich noch kaum.

O, hört mic, ihr gütigen
Sterne,
O höre mich, grünende Flur,
du, Liebe, den heiligen
Schwur:
bleib' ich ihr ferne,
sterb' ich gerne.
Ach, nur im Licht von ihrem
Blick
wohnt Leben und Hoffnung
und Glück!

ah, joy is only a deeper pain,
life is a dark grave,

without guilt,
should I then suffer?
How is it that in my dreams
all my thoughts
tremble up and down?
I scarcely know myself
anymore.

O, hear me, kindly stars,
O hear me, green meadow,
and you, my love, hear my
holy oath:
if I remain far from her,
I will die gladly.
Ah, only in the light of her
gaze
dwell life and hope and
happiness!

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,
perdrix mignonne, ouvre
au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon
cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je
t'apporte, pour le nouer
autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens
nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous
sont alliés!

Awake, awake, my darling
partridge, open to the
morning your wings.
Three beauty marks; my
heart is on fire!
See the ribbon of gold that I
bring to tie round your
hair.
If you want, my beauty, we
shall marry!
In our two families, everyone
is related by marriage!

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
l'église, ô Vierge sainte,

Yonder, by the church,
by the church of Ayio Sidero,
the church, o blessed Virgin,

l'église Ayio Costanndino,
se sont réunis,
rassemblés en nombre infini,
du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
du monde tous les plus
braves!

the chuch of Ayio
Costanndine,
there are gather,
assembled in numbers
infinite,
the world's, o blessed Virgin
all the world's most decent
folk!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est
comparable,
d'entre ceux qu'on voit
passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What gallant compares with
me,
among those one sees
passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...

See, hanging on my belt,
my pistols and my curved
sword...

Et c'est toi que j'aime!

And it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
joie de mon cœur,
trésor qui m'est si cher;

joie de l'âme et du cœur,
toi que j'aime ardemment,
tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to
me,

joy of my sound and heart,
you whom I love ardently,
you are more handsome than
an angel.

Ô lorsque tu parais,
andge si doux
devant nos yeux,
comme un bel ange blond,
sous le clair soleil,

O when you appear,
angel so sweet,
like a fine, blond angel,
under the bright sun,
alas! all of our poor hearts
sigh!

hélas! tous nos pauvres
cœurs soupirent!

Tout gai!

Tout gai, gai! Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;

Everyone is joyous, joyous!
Beautiful legs, tireli, which

belle jambe, la vaisselle
danse,
tra la lai!

dance,
beautiful legs; even the
dishes are dancing!
Tra la lai!

De' miei bollenti spiriti

Lunge da lei per me non v'ha
diletto!

Away from her there is no joy
for me!

Volaron già tre lune dacché
la mia Violetta

Three months have already
flown by since my
Violetta

agi per me lasciò, dovizie,
amori

has renounced comfort,
riches, lovers

e le pompose fester ov'agli
ommaggi avvezza

and the ostentatious parties
where, used to the
appreciation of all,

vedea svhiavo ciascun di sua
bellezza.

everyone was a slave to her
beauty.

Ed or contenta in questi
ameni luoghi

And now happy in these
pleasant surroundings

tutto scorda per me.

she forgets all for me.

Qui presso a lei io rinascere mi
sento,

Here near to her I reborn
myself feel,

e dal soffio d'amor
rigenerato

and by the breath of
renewed love

scordo ne' gaudi suoi tutto il
passato.

in my joy I forget all of the
past.

De' miei bollenti spiriti il
giovanile ardore

The youthful passion of my
ardent spirit

ella temprò col placido
sorriso dell'amor!

she has tempered with the
calm smile of love!

Dal dì che disse: vivere io
voglio a te fedel,

Since the day that she said:
"I want to live with you,
faithful to you alone,"

dell'universo immemore io
vivo quasi, io vivo quasi
in ciel.

ignoring all else, I live as if in
heaven.

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille
mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedì
accanto?
Che più desider? Dirotto
pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,

why do you sit so desolate
beside me?
What more do you wish for?
Streams of tears
have I poured on your ashes.

Temi che immemore de' sacri
giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra
face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in
pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico
ardor.

Do you fear that, forgetful of
sacred vows,
I could turn to the passion of
another?
Shade of Phillis, rest
peacefully;
the old flame of love cannot
be extinguished.

Ma rendi pur contento

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,

e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Only make happy
the heart of my beautiful
lady,
and I will pardon you, love
if my own heart is not glad.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Her troubles I fear
more than my own troubles,
because I live more in her
that I live in myself.